

DAILY MAGAZINE PAGES FOR EVERYBODY

Bedtime Tales For Kiddies

How Mr. Fox Lost His Breakfast.

ON a night old Mr. Fox was running along as fast as he could toward home with a fat goose and a hen and thinking about what a nice breakfast he and Mrs. Fox would have when he should have been thinking where he was walking and looking out for himself.

The first thing Mr. Fox knew after thinking of his breakfast was to find himself in a deep hole among sticks and stones. To be sure, he had the hen and goose with him, and that was some satisfaction.

Now it happened that Madame Goose was alive and so was old black hen, and when Mr. Fox fell he dropped them and they jumped to their feet.

"A pretty fix you have got me into," said Mr. Fox, wishing to blame some one for his mishap. "Perhaps you can get me out, now you have brought this trouble upon me."

Madame Goose looked up and so did old black hen, but the top was too high for them to reach. "We cannot fly so high," said Madame Goose.

"We might catch and quack," suggested old black hen.

"No, no," said Mr. Fox. "Use your wits, not your voices."

He was afraid the farmer and the dog might hear them, and then he knew he would lose not only his breakfast but his life as well.

There was just one way, and that was to let the hen or the goose climb up on his back and then try to fly to the top and go for help, but Mr. Fox was not sure he could trust them, and he might as well die one way as another, he decided.

"We will have to stay here," he said, "and I may as well have one more meal. The question is, which one of you will I have for my breakfast, and which for my dinner?"

Poor Madame Goose thought of her little ducklings and old black hen of her chicks, but they knew it was no use to plead with such a heartless fellow as Mr. Fox.

"He told us to use our wits," thought Madame Goose. "and I guess we better, or in a few minutes it will be too late."

Don't you think you might make Mrs. Fox hear you if you called," said Madame Goose. "You cannot be far from home."

"She would be sure to come to your aid I am sure," said old black hen, not being sure of Madame Goose's plan, but feeling that every minute they gained might lead to escape for them.

"Stand on your hind legs and call to her," said Madame Goose.

Mr. Fox was thinking more about getting out just then than he was of breakfast, so he did as Madame Goose said, and after one or two calls they heard some one running toward the hole.

But it was not Mrs. Fox, it was old Reddy Fox who lived over the hill, and when he looked into the hole and saw the fat hen and goose he felt all in, too, so eager was he to get them.

"Oh, Reddy Fox, I am in trouble," said Mr. Fox, "cannot you help me to get out of this dreadful place?"

"How did you get in?" asked Reddy Fox, thinking all the time how he could get the hen and goose out and leave Mr. Fox in there.

"I was hurrying home with breakfast for Mrs. Fox," said Mr. Fox, "and fell into this old cistern, and how I will ever get out I do not know, unless you help me. If you will I will invite you home to breakfast with me."

"Don't you?" said Reddy Fox, thinking hard. "This is very kind of you, very kind indeed."

For he thought to himself, "I shall not mind breakfasting alone, not one bit, for I intend to have a very good breakfast."

"I will have to go for a rope," said old Reddy Fox. "I won't be a minute. Now you keep quiet and don't call for help. Someone might hear you who will not be kind to you. I saw the dog from the farm on the top of the hill as I came along just now."

That kind Mr. Fox, quiet and as for the hen and goose, they did not dare make a sound for fear Mr. Fox would frighten them, and when Mr. Fox was alone he called old Reddy Fox, lowering a rope into the cistern. "Now send the hen and come up first and then I will lower it to you."

Mr. Fox did not like this plan at all, but what could he say. If he refused to do as old Reddy said he might be left there, and while he would have a breakfast and supper, that would not matter if he started in the end.

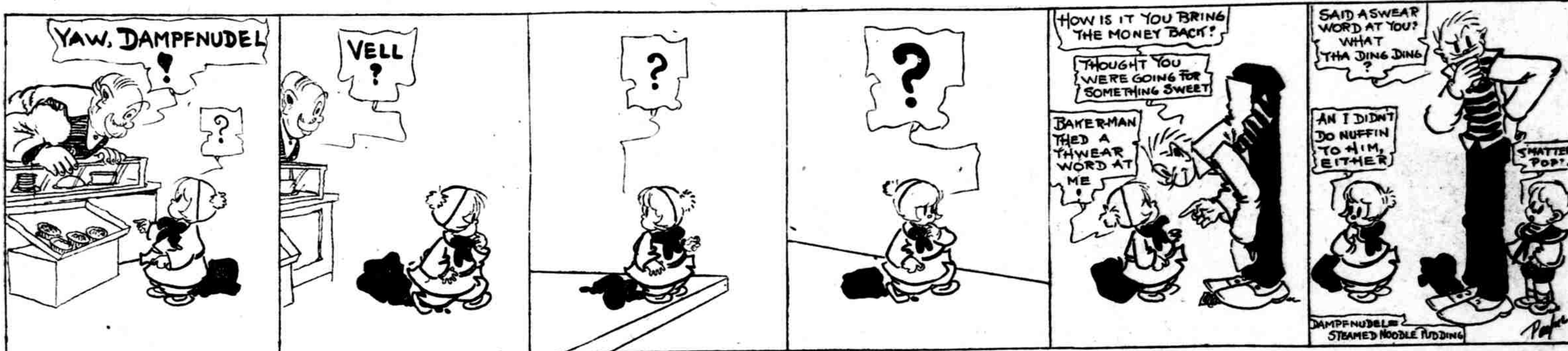
But old Reddy was too greedy and made a mistake when he planned to have Madame Goose and old black hen come up on the rope together, for, of course, he did not intend to lower the rope to Mr. Fox at all, but to make off with the hen and goose.

Mr. Fox was through the plan well enough, and when the rope was lowered he told Madame Goose and old black hen to leave a short end of the rope and not to climb to the very end. Just as soon as the rope was well up Mr. Fox sprang up and grabbed the dangling end, and, expecting to reach the top almost as soon as his breakfast, for which he was determined to fight. But his plan did not work out as he planned, either, for when Mr. Fox grabbed the rope old Reddy was not expecting a heavy pull, and it carried him so hard he fell into the hole, tumbling against Mr. Fox as he fell and there they were at the bottom of the cistern and growling without any breakfast.

Where were Madame Goose and old black hen all this time? Oh, they had escaped, for the rope had brought them almost to the top before Mr. Fox grabbed it, and when the rope came down they went to the top and, without stopping to see what had happened, they hurried for home and arrived just in time for breakfast.

Tomorrow's story, "The Story of Four Pets."

"S'Matter, Pop?"



The Wisdom Of Mrs. Solomon

By HELEN ROWLAND.

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She Chats on the Seven Stages of a Flirtation.

"I'VEN'T it odd," began the Rib, toying daintily with her antipasta, "how everything runs to sevens—just like the man from St. Ives! There are seven days in the week, and seven ages of man, and seven courses in table d'hôte dinner, and seven stages of a flirtation."

The Mere Man dropped his fork deliberately and regarded her with cold astonishment.

"It's bad enough," he complained bitterly, "for you to make me bring you here; but to compare anything so cheap as a red-wine table d'hôte to Love—"

"I didn't," retorted the Rib hastily, with a pout of her scarlet lips. "LOVE is a banquet of the gods! And there are only three stages of it: the first, in which the man loves and the woman is doubtful; the second, in which the woman loves and the man becomes doubtful; and the third, in which both of them grow doubtful whether they ever HAVE loved or not. A flirtation is something entirely different."

"Yes," said the Mere Man eagerly; "that's ALWAYS doubtful—and delightful!"

"Like a red-wine table d'hôte!" added the Rib triumphantly; "doubtful and cheap, but amusing and pleasant, and just sufficiently satisfying not to leave you with a headache or a heartache."

"And sufficiently unsatisfying to leave you with a taste for 'more,'" finished the Mere Man cheerfully.

Love's Table d'Hôte Menu.

"AND it always begins with the antipasta," mused the Rib thoughtfully, stabbing an innocent anchovy.

"With—the what?"

"With a little old flavoring—a new situation, a unique meeting, a charmingly exciting incident—the relish of novelty, which piques the interest. Because, of course, a man finds only that woman interesting who seems totally different from all those who have gone before—especially from the woman just before."

"I see," said the Mere Man dryly. "And next, I suppose, comes the entrée, which is always mysterious and made up of the gods-know-what, just as a woman always seems to be, in the beginning—before you have analyzed her."

"Yes," cried the Rib, clapping her hands delightedly, "and then comes the spaghetti, which is elusive and hard to corral and keeps slipping away from you, just like a man—before you have caught up to his little ways."

"And learned to twist him round your finger," added the Mere Man cynically, as he watched the Rib daintily twirl the white spirals round her fork with unerring neatness and dexterity.

"The Rib nodded assent. "And then comes the roast," she added with a sigh, "when we begin to be really, in earnest and one of the other gets serious."

"And one of the other gets 'done brown,'" repeated the Mere Man.

"And THAT," added the Rib, "is followed by the salad, with vinegar and red pepper 'dressing,' the first quarrel, salved with the olive oil of forgiveness."

"And the whole washed down with the weak vin ordinaire of sentiment," sniffed the Mere Man.

"Wait a minute!" cried the Rib in mock horror; "you've forgotten the sweet!"

"The sweet?"

"The making-up," explained the Rib reproachfully, "the first kiss. That's a very important item, Mr. Cutting."

So it is! agreed the Mere Man promptly. "Let's hurry it along, here, waiter!"

Before the First Kiss—and After.

"O H, dear!" moaned the Rib, "WHY does a man always want to hurry everything along from a dinner to a flirtation? Why does he want to plunge in and out of a love-affair, just as though it were a cold bath or a revolving door? Why can't he slip the vin ordinaire of sentiment slowly, between the courses, just as a woman does, instead of emptying the bottle before she has finished her first glass? All the best part of a romance, Mr. Cutting, comes BEFORE the first kiss. The kiss is just the dessert."

"And after that," sighed the Mere Man reminiscently, as he lit a cigar, "comes the black coffee."

"I beg your pardon?"

"The black coffee of remorse," repeated the Mere Man, "which is bitter and usually cold—and settles everything!"

"Except the bill," murmured the Rib merrily. "But it is ALWAYS worth the price!" she added.

"Always," agreed the Mere Man, tucking her into her fur coat. "The only thing sad about it is that, although every flirtation, like every table d'hôte, BEGINS differently, they are all alike in the END."

"But that," the Rib reminded him, consolingly, "never seems to spoil one's relish for the 'next one,' does it?"

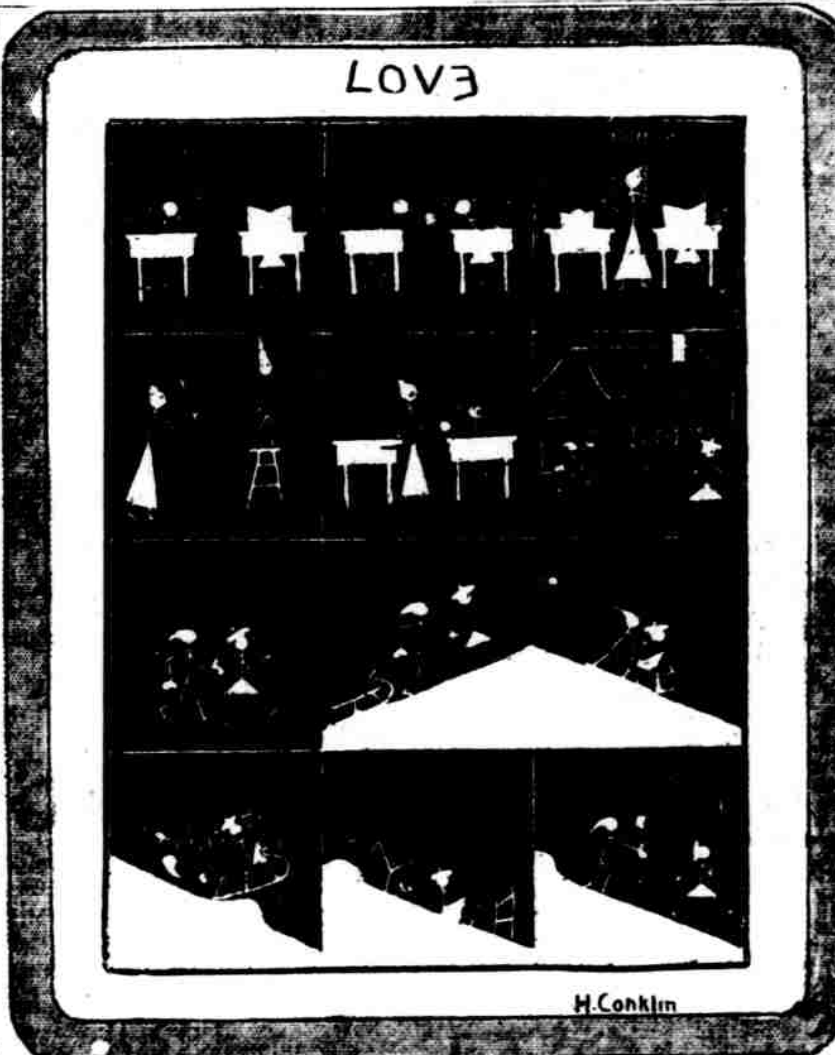
Politeness.

One lady who is wedged in the car, standing up between several pretty girls, to a gentleman sitting May 1 offer you my place, young man?—Lustige Blätter.

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Woman's Realm

Rose-tinted gowns are to grace women this spring.

No, the commander of the garrison doesn't rule Budapest society. He bans the all skirt, the women beyond the ball and it's off.

Fads.

Mrs. E. Gray Pendleton of Philadelphia takes her hens along when she goes to Palm Beach.

Now that London stage heroines have taken to wearing green wigs, society leaders are wearing hair shades ranging from light blue to deep purple.

Discrimination.

At a restaurant in London a homely table d'hôte dinner is served. The bill of fare is topped by this notice: "Gentlemen, 1 shilling; ladies, unpeppered."

In Politics.

Women may serve as watchers at the polls when the suffrage constitutional amendment is voted on, under a bill favorably reported by the senate judiciary committee at Albany.

Women members of the Democratic Club of the Twenty-eighth ward, in Chicago, declare it is wonderful how the "pull-together" spirit has developed the spirit of neighborliness in the community.

The president of the Kansas Women's Christian Temperance Union says women should not seek public office unless they are mothers and more than forty years of age.

Changed Her Mind.

Maria Schwabacher, an Antwerp milliner, carried her two brothers, promised to marry the winner of a game at

LOCAL MENTION.

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MOVING PICTURES

EMPRESS THEATER

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COMING SUNDAY

THE YAKUS REVENGE.

101-Bison 2-reel Mexican Drama.

Centuring William Clifford, Sherman Robinson, Betty Schaefer.

CRANDALL'S THEATER

9th and E Sts. N. W.

TODAY

"HOODMAN BLIND"

Featuring Wilson Barrett, in five parts.

TOMORROW

"The Race for the Rubies"

Nat. Pinkerton Detective Story.

TODAY

VIRGINIA THEATER

9th Bet. F and G

Taxicab 1098

Or the Mystery of the Red Skull. Detective Drama.

TODAY'S PHOTO-PLAY STORIES

"The Race for the Rubies." (An Exploit of Nat. Pinkerton in Three Parts).

A GANG of jewel-thieves gain possession of a valuable ruby necklace, cheating the jeweler by a daring ruse. Nat. Pinkerton is commissioned to capture the thieves and when pursuing his investigations he receives a mysterious letter advising him that the gang are going to Naples on an evening train. He is later visited by Danton, a traitorous member of the gang, who tells him that the thieves meet at the Lombardo Tavern. Going to the tavern, Pinkerton learns the plans of the thieves, but unknown to him they learn that he is on their track, and hear him arranging to meet Danton that night. The gang visits Danton's home and attack the traitor, leaving him for dead. One of their number then disguises himself as Danton and keeps the appointment with Pinkerton, giving the detective a letter stating that the rubies are hidden in a certain house. Pinkerton visits the house with his assistant Dick Sharp, and falling in an ambush is flung into a pit full of bears. Sharp saves his master from the bears, and together they go to Danton's home. There they find the traitor lying dead, but in his final agony the man has scribbled a note saying that his murderers are dining that night at the Palace Restaurant. With a strong force of police Pinkerton raids the restaurant, and the gang is rounded up. The stolen rubies are being worn by a woman member of the gang, so that Pinkerton's triumph is complete.

"The Race for Rubies" will be shown at Crandall's Theater, Ninth and E streets northwest tomorrow afternoon and evening.

The Mystery of Buffalo Gap

Willis Willis Roberts
Arthur Arthur Allard
Joe Joseph Franz
Edythe Edythe Sterling
Bess Ethel Hamilton

BUFFALO GAP is badly in need of a sheriff, but none of its citizens desire the job, due to the depredations of a mysterious bandit. Arthur and Joe are cattlemen and partners. Arthur is in love with Edythe, who returns his affection. About this time Willis comes to Buffalo Gap. He is offered the job of sheriff, and accepts. But the mysterious bandit continues to ply his trade. The weeks pass. Arthur and Edythe are married. Arthur goes to town and there meets Bess. Joe, insanely jealous in nature, sees them walking together, and later accuses Bess. She laughs at him, and Joe leaves in a bitter mood. The stage at Buffalo Gap is held up, and the mysterious bandit escapes with a shot that breaks his leg. He succeeds in crawling to Arthur's cabin. Arthur returns and finds the note on the door signed by Joe. Edythe returns. Arthur now suspicious, waits in the cabin, his intention being to shoot Joe on sight. Meanwhile the posse finding the trail of blood, proceeds to follow. Some one is heard approaching outside, and Arthur prepares to shoot. As he does so the mysterious bandit springs out from his hiding place and grapples with him. Outside Joe and Bess hear the fight and dash in. The mysterious bandit is overpowered. He is none other than their worthy sheriff.

"The Mystery of Buffalo Gap" will be shown at the Empress Theater, 416 Ninth street tomorrow afternoon and evening.

"Taxi Cab No. 1098." (A Detective Drama in Three Parts).

DETECTIVE KEEN is addicted to the morphine habit, and his friend, Dr. Watson, after vainly endeavoring by medical warning and friendly expostulation to cure him of the vice which threatens his life and reason, has recourse to a trick, and by means of a mysterious telegram sends Keen to a theater, where he is the witness of an attempt by the beautiful dancer, Carmen, to escape from the brutality of her partner, Gordon. Keen comes to the girl's rescue and secures her refuge in the home of Dr. Watson. Gordon contrives to take the place of the driver, and when Keen enters the taxi, he realizes the trick that has been played upon him, and punctures the tire with a shot from his revolver, so bringing the car to a standstill. Gordon, however, is not done with, and disguised as a gardener, contrives to enter Watson's house and places a drugged bouquet before Carmen. When she is unconscious, he is about to carry her off, when Keen again arrives in the nick of time and defeats his purpose. Later Keen learns of another plan of Gordon's and to frustrate it he must ride against time. A motorcycle is the nearest and handiest method. A mad race through street, country and lane—a daredevil chance by crashing through the gates of a railway crossing before an oncoming train—across a tottering bridge which collapses beneath him, and, finally, scaling a wall just in time to defeat the plan of Gordon, and with Carmen as his wife, Keen finds life too sweet to be marred by his old addiction to morphine, and he resolves, by oath to Carmen, to abstain altogether from his morphia habit.

"Taxi Cab No. 1098" will be given at the Virginia Theater, Ninth street, near F, today and tonight.



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